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MOUNDS THAT COVER BONES OF THE GREAT AT QUINCY, MASS.

Among the Famous Names Found in Old Tombs

In the heart of city square, Quincy, is a somewhat small cemetery, which for its size probably holds the remains of more prominent people than any other place in

To the average Quincyite it is known as Hancock cemetery, probably because the father of John Hancock is buried there. John Hancock, himself a Quincy lad, was a popular idol in his day, and his father, Rev. John Hancock, was minister of the First Church, across the way from the

cemetery which bears his name. On one side of the cemetery is the principal business street of the city, and at the rear are the railroad tracks over which thousands are carried to and from Boston

every day. Just when the place was first used for burial purposes the records of the old town do not state, but it must have been soon after the first settlement of the town, as the graves of some of the early settlers are here. Up until 1808 the cemetery was not fenced in, and for nearly two centuries prior to that time the place was used as a pasture for eattle. In 1808 President John Adams and a few other public-spirited men raised \$150 by subscription and bought the right of herbage and pasturage from Ebenezer, Motram and Mary Veazle. The place was then fenced, and the following year, at a town meeting, the deeds of the cemetery were presented to the town.

Oldest Headstone. The oldest headstone in the cemetery ears the date of December 10, 1666, and is over the grave of the Rev. William Tompson, the first minister of the town church. This stone is about a foot high, is of slate and bears the following inscription:

1666—Here lies buried the body of the Rev. William Tompson, the first pastor of Braintrey Church, who deceased December 10, 1666. Actatis suae, 68.
He was a learned, solid, sound divine, Whose name and fame in both Englands did

It is quite probable that headstones were placed in the cemetery at an earlier date than that, but they were doubtless de-stroyed by the cattle that were allowed to

It is said that the first tomb erected in he cemetery was that of Dr. Leonard Hoar, third president of Harvard College, who died in 1675. He was one of Senator Hoar's ancestors, and the latter, a few years since, erected a modern stone near the old tomb, as the lettering on the latter was hard to identify owing to the ravages

Curious Inscription. A somewhat curious inscription is on the

omb, and reads as follows:

Three precious friends under this tombstone

Inc.
Patterned to age, youth and infancy.
A great mother, her learned son, with child. The first and last went free, he was exil'd. In love to Christ, this country and dear friends.
He left his own, cross'd seas, and for amends Was here extolled, env'd, all in a breath. His noble consort leaves, is drawn to death, Strange cheanges may befall us ere we die, Blest they who well arrive eternity.
God grant some names, O thou, New England's friend,
Don't sooner fade than thine, if times don't mend.

Near the Hoar tomb is the vault which holds many of the illustrious dead of the Quincy family. Over the vault is a marble monument, surmounted by an urn, on which is an epitaph written by President John Quincy Adams and dedicated to Jo-siah Quincy Adams, jr., a famous lawyer in his day, who, although an ardent patriot, yet consented to act as counsel for Capt. Preston, the officer in command of the British troops at the Boston mas-

John Quincy's Grave. Many others of this famous old family ire buried here, and it has been announced within a few days that the grave of Col. Quincy Adams, has been discovered. The whereabouts of this grave has not been known within the memory of the present or the preceding generation. The Rev. D. M. Wilson, in a new vol-

"Where American Independence Began," announces that the grave of Col. Quincy was brought to light through the efforts of City Engineer Flood, who has had a careful plan of all the graves made.

To a Globe reporter Mr. Flood said that he had no knowledge of having discovered the grave of Col. Quincy.

Close by the gate nearest to the city hall are the tombs where President Levels and the combs where President Levels are the tombs where President Levels and the combs where President Levels are the tombs where President Levels are the combs where President Levels are the tombs are the t

are the tombs where President John Adams and his wife were buried until their tombs and his whe were buried until their tomos under the First Church were ready for occupancy. In one of these vaults the body of President John Quincy Adams rested for a few days after being brought here from Washington until it was removed across the street to a sarcophagus under the church alongside his illustrious father. he church, alongside his illustrious father. The father and mother of President John Adams are also buried in this cemetery, and on their tombstones are these lines:

The sweet remembrance of the just should flourish when they sleep in dust.

This stone and several others have been placed in this yard by a great-great-grand-son, from a veneration of the piety, humility, simplicity, prudence, patience, temperance, frugality, industry and perseverance of his ancestors in hopes of recommending an imitation of their virtues to their pos-

Tomb of the First Adams. In another part of the cemetery is the

omb of Henry Adams, the first of that name to settle in Quincy. A somewhat elaborate elegy reads as follows on the top of

In memory of Henry Adams, who took his flight from the Dragon persecution in Devonshire, in England, and alighted with eight sons, near Mount Wollaston. One of the sons returned to England, and, after taking time to explore the country, four moved to Medifield and the neighboring towns, two to Chelmsford; one only, Joseph, who lies here at his left hand, remained, who was an original proprietor in the township of Braintree, incorporated in the year 1639.

Most of the headstones in this old ceme-ery are small and of slate, and many are adorned with tracings of weeping willow trees and skulls. Very many of them contain elegiae lines, all pointing the moral that death is inevitable. On account of the ravages of time it is very difficult to de-cipher some of the inscriptions, and the plans of the cemetery recently made by the city authorities will preserve in the archives of the city the name and location of the various graves and tombs.

Zehra as Domestic Animal

s to be made by the British government to iomesticate the zebra for use in South African possessions. It is proposed to catch large numbers of wild zebras and allow them to breed in captivity, training the young as draught animals. No attempt, apparently, will be made to tame and train the captured animals themselves, although this has often been accomplished with selected individuals. The zebra proper is very difficult to tame, but allied varieties, such as the South Africa very difficult to tame, but allied varieties, such as the South African quagga, are more easily domesticated. At the Cape, twenty years since, these were often seen working with draught horses. Still better success has rewarded a recent attempt to cross the zebra with the horse and the ass. The resulting hybrids, which are called "zebroids," are lively, but doctie, and are easily trained. They have unusual muscular strength, and their immunity to the bite of the tsetse fly, which is fatal to the horse, makes them especially valuable for African service. It is thought by some that the zebroid will supplant the mule, especially

GRAVES OF NOTED MEN A CHINESE HOUSEBOAT

SAILING THE WATERWAYS OF THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

Hancock, Quincy, Hoar and Adams Pleasant Method of Passing the Time in the Far East - Scenes Along the River.

From the London Globe.

The good ship Doris is moored at the jetty and all is shipshape on board. I and my friends are waiting for the owner who completes the party. Soon this last 's seen hurrying along the bund, gesticulating wildly, and we fear some terrible unforeseen calamity has taken place. It appears that the cook that one of the party was geing to bring with him has just lost his father, and must, therefore, go to Ningpo for the funeral. This mishap does not detain us long, for I call to mind a certain small pastry cook's shop where I have many a time found excellent cakes for my tea fights, and thither I make my way forthwith. The genial Italian proprietor has no cook just now, and advises me to approach the famous Portuguese catere-over the way, who, he says, is sure to nave ore. Mr. Pereira has the very man I want, a French cook, who from the rather exorbitant price demanded must be possessed of exceptional talent. I confess that the idea of a French cook being in the employ of a Portuguese confectioner in China is a little expression, but seeing that little surprising, but, seeing that time is the first consideration and that he is now co his way to the boat, I feel that my mis-ston is accomplished. When I rejoin my companions I find my man installed. He is a native of Saigon, and a more villainous-looking scoundrel I have seldom seen. With some remarks from me on the vagueness of confectioners and a few sailing directions from Macklin in fluent "pidgin" English, we slowly glide through the mass of native craft into midstream.

Fleets of Junks.

By the savory fumes that arise from the galley we gather that my protege is on his mettle and in pleasant anticipation lean more supine in our long chairs and lazily watch the Chinese gunboats, with their grotesquely decorated hulls, and the junks, with their large painted eyes, without which adminicle no Chinaman would set sail—"no got eye, no can see; no can see, no can walkee." Soon our white-robed boy announces that dinner is ready, and we descend to the saloon to find a dinner not to be surpassed by any hotel in the far east. It is worthy of note that whereas in England the meals on boating excursions are somewhat of an al fresco nature, in China they are served and cooked in as elegant a manner as on shore, and your Chinaman knows how to cook. Dinner finished, we resume our chairs on the hurricane deck, light our Manilas and, to the accompaniment of the shouting of the crew, talk desultory of the far eastern question, of the chances of Sharkey, the broker, being blackballed for the Thespian Club; of the coming race meeting and all the various topics which go to make life at an outport. These subjects being thrashed out to our satisfaction, and the attention of the mosquitoes becoming too marked, we repair to our bunks to enjoy the sleep which we have so richly deserved. The next morning I am awakened by the others, who want me to join them in a bath, but I have bathed before in Chinese creeks and prefer to have a quiet bath on board, so, without more ado, they plunge over the side into the unknown, to emerge not cleaner, perhaps, but unscathed.

Oriental Indifference. Our way now lies between the banks of one of those narrow creeks with which the whole country is intersected. We pass several villages, whose inhabitants for the most part gaze at us with that stolid air of indifference peculiar to the oriental. Some, indeed, are truculently inclined, and we are here obliged to avoid the missiles, consisting of stones, find and offal, with which we are greeted. We notice the fisher folk, with their unwieldy nets, their fishing platforms extending a considerable distance beyond the bank, and here and there great flocks of ducks are being driven along the flats. After tiffin we start our home-ward journey, and again pass our excitable friends, who, seeing that we mean no harm, have taken the cue from their more peaceful neighbors and leave us unmo ed. As we pass a windmill, with sails like those of a ship, arranged in a circle, the rain begins and our crew fall to quarreling over the distribution of umbrellas. It would seem that the French cook, in his haste, has forgotten to bring his "kittysol," and this omission leads to high words. Finally we settle the dispute, and the chef and "laodah," or captain, shelter together. The day being Sunday, numbers of native boats are going up the creek filled with Chinese playing fantan. This game is very simple, consisting in drawing from a pile of copper cash four at a time and betting on the re-maining number, large sums of money changing hands in 'his way.

Looking for a Tow. As we approach the bend where the creek oins the river our laodah appears, his sallow face wreathed with smiles, and with great gusto and many salaams informs us that the tide is dead against us, and that it will take a good time to get home. We know what this means, and decide that the only way out of the dilemma is to get a tow. This is easier said than done, but before long one of our party, who has been scanning the horizon, says that he sees smoke, and we discover what appears to be a small steamer on our starboard, coming rapidly toward us. This, to our great com ort, proves to be a tug belonging to one of our cargo boats, with some five or six lighters in train. To attach our boat to this procession is the work of a moment, and in an hour or so we are once more at the jetty whence we started. Leaving the laodah in charge and dismissing my friend, the cook, we thread our way through the bustling throng in the Ma Loo and mount the crazy stairs to my rooms over old Say Loong's store, where, having dined, we fight our battles over again until the fire burns low and we find ourselves nodding. Good old Doris! Not so handsome, may be, as a Thames houseboat—a boating man in the old country might think you sadly needed paint—but many a pleasant trip have we had together, and I wish you well.

How Men Cook in Camp.

From Forest and Stream. Various echoes from the camp reach me Frequently I am consulted about the cookng, and am asked to furnish recipes. One year my fisherman aspired to flannel cakes. There was no reason, he said, why they should not add this dainty to their fare, especially since it was so easily made. He wrote out the directions-flour, eggs, milk, soda-carefully. The sequel I heard later.

Toward the end-of the week, when the campers were a little, tired of the fishing and probably of each other, they decided that the time had come for the flannel cakes. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and they started at once to get them ready. One man went for milk to the farm house on the hin, and while waiting my fisherman measured out the flour into an eight-quart bucket, Instead of the two quarts called for in the recipe, he took an eight-quart bucket, a Instead of the two quarts called for in the recipe, he took four, to be sure to have enough. As they did not have eight eight he took five, andthink of this, ye cookst broke them right into the flour, and proceeded to stir the mixture until the milk arrived. He then added the milk and other ingredients, and kept a man stirring all the rest of the day to get out the lumps, which, it is unnecestary to add, could mote have been stirred out in an eternity. They tell me there was a man on the road coming or going for milk for two hours, and that when they finally desisted from beating the mixture there was as much of the batter on the outside of the bucket and on the gallant cooks themselves as in the bucket. Then they baked the batter in an iron pan and had supper, and were thankful to find themselves alive the next morning. Verily, cooks are born, not made.

selves alive the next morning. Verily, cooks are born, not made.

At another time a kinsman aspired to make an official another very simple thing. He took his directions from Mrs. Rorer, learned them by heart, and kept repeating them over and over. "Give seven beats of the fork." They tell me he said it at last in his sleep. The opinion, however, was unanimous that he must have given eight beats or spolled it some other way, but all agreed nobody had been in any danger of dying from the effects, for nobody had been able to eat it. They had better success with Saratoga potatoes, and

pretty well-trout, coffee, ham, potatoes, eggs. Many times during the long winter when the blissful summer days seem very far off, they pine for a cup of the coffee they made while camping.

Louisville, Ky.

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therefore be declined.

THE BRIDAL NECKLET.

Hindoo Girls Are Betrothed With a Thali Instead of a Ring.

From the London Telegraph.

In many parts of India Hindoo girls are wedded not with a ring, but with a necklet, or thali. At the wedding of the daughter of a leading native at Moulmein there were present among the numerous guests a Hindoo maiden and her lover, whose suit had not so far progressed to his satisfaction. While the wedding ceremony was in progress the young man suddenly went to her, and quietly tied it round her neck. Of course, there was a hubbub and parental lamentations over this dramatic episode among Hindoos that no one dared to remove it from the neck of the astonished maiden. All concerned, therefore, repaired to the Marriamme temple, where the act was ratified, and the maid who went to the wedding of her friend fancy free left the scene as the legal wife of a bold and successful husband. A correspondent writing to the Pioneer on the general use of the

position in south India which had so far de-parted from the ordinary rule which prevents women from appearing before strang ers that the mistress of the house had de puted her young daughter-in-law to represent her as hostess. The young lady was profusely decked with jewelry, some of which was unique in its nature, and she had not the slightest objection to its being ad-mired. At dinner I was suddenly struck with the absence of the wedding ring from ner finger, and on my asking her the reason she shyly pointed to her neck. This seemed somewhat strange, but I thought that probably for some reason she had attached the neck. I could, however, see no trace of it. and felt somewhat puzzled till her husband explained that no wedding ring is used on the occasion of a marriage, but for it is substituted the thall, to which my hostess had drawn my attention.

Among the Dravidians of south India the thall plays the same part as the wedding ring among the Christians in other parts of the world. No marriage can be solemnized without it. It is a small piece of gold leaf in the shape of a cucumber seed, which is attached to a necklet of worsted thread or silk. The Brahmins, who celebrate their marriage according to Vedic rites, have adopted its use, and after the sacred fire is prepared and worshiped with oblations of ghee, the blessings of the gods are invoked, and the thali is tied round the neck of the bride by the bridegroom, and then the couple go round the sacred fire. hometan converts, like the Christians, find it hard to give up the little jewel, with the happy associations, and it may be seen adorning the necks of their womankind. But, though the thali is an indication that a girl is married, I found, much to my sur-prise, that in some instances it did not necessarily imply that she was the wife of any particular individual. Within the precincts of the temple I once met an attractive-look-ing woman, dressed very gracefully and decently, and amid the rich jewelry with which she was adorned the thali was displayed somewhat obtrusively. I look her to be the member of some highly respectable family, but was surprised to learn that she was a deva-dassi (handmaiden of the god), and was, in fact, a dancing girl attached to the temple. There is a special caste of these women, who, as soon as they grow out of girlhood, are taken to the temple, and, with girlhood, are taken to the temple, and, with much ceremonial, formally married to a sword or a god, the thali being tied round their neck by some man of the caste. This class is sometimes recruited from girls be-longing to the Boyas, Bedaurus and certain other castes, who, in the absence of male issue, dedicate a daughter to some deity, who, they believe, will give them sons.

Polite Terms for Crime.

b'rom Everybody's Magazine. Our language and vocabulary, with our growing slackness, are changing. We are carrying things (otherwise insupportable) with a laugh, and coining phrases for the sensitive to such coarse words as "thief" and "steal," but it is vain to deny among ourselves that certain unchallenged doings of today forcibly suggest those terms. So we save our face with an indulgent gayety. not devoid of humor. We give a twist and a turn to the rapidly changing English language, and the ugly words disappear in the process. When a conductor steals s fare we jocularly remark that he is "knocking down on the company;" when we steal ing down on the company;" when we steal a ride from the same company and conductor we laughingly refer to our success in "beating the game;" when we bribe we merely "influence" or "square things;" when we are bribed we collect "assessments" or "rebates" or "commissions" or "retainers," and so on, until we reach a grave definition of "honest graft," which would be more humorous if so many people did not feel that the term supplied them with a long-felt want. Now, these expressions and others like them may bear a strong resemblance to thieves slang, but they merely reflect the language of a people unconsciously retreating to a lower moral HORSES FOR

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Proper Mount.

From the New York Evening Post. A few years ago anything in the shape of

way a woman ruined any horse with her favor of a steady horse for that reason is "riding on the bit;" the way she insisted on treating it like a pet child, making it do thing for momentary display, urging and curbing in twenty yards; while, as to gaits, there was utter demoralization. In fact, an added punishment to the Inferno cata-

logue was supposed to be the eternal riding

of a "ladies' horse." This has all changed. Woman has to a certain extent taken the reins into her own hands. Always great on mere appearances and the eternal fitness of thingswhich at times are an odd fit-she now wants a horse with a good appearance. Either country life and closer association with horses has given the more or less correct dea she now holds, or she has picked it up at horse shows, and in that general channel of intuition, which, after all, is the sheet anchor of a smart woman's opinion in most things. She does not know why, but she gets pretty near the correct line in you struck the track, is the other end, and most things in which she is vitally interested. Thus today she throws aside the old-time, no-account steed, and insists on horse that is good looking, which means that the horse must have that definite harmony of parts and proportion which gives the capacity for the work desired, and, also, to some extent, presages the even temper and good disposition natural to the weilbred, well-cared-fer equine. It is sound, common sense. One would not choose a

club-footed man to win a sprint race.

An average woman of today either wants an out-and-out hunter, or she leans to a to say, easily handled and not easily excited, strong, safe, clever at fences, and he be up to his weight, more than in the case of a man's horse, simply because a also some valuable time. man rides "to his we'ght," but a woman on a side-saddle inevitably rides "over," near-

ly twenty pounds over it. Animal Should Conform.

The animal should to some extent conform to the height of the rider; a tall woman should have a horse about sixteen hands, and so down in proportion; but it must be remembered that the larger horses take more holding together than do the smaller ones. Witness the fullsized hunter and the polo pony. He should be longer in the back than is man's horse, this because the side-saddle covers more area; the seat of a woman with habit spreads over greater space, and with a short back or with a shortcoupled horse everything looks cramped and squeezed up, which is to be avoided for several reasons, the chief one being that the long back gives greater elas-ticity of motion.

He should above all things be able to He should above all things be able to walk fast, an accomplishment only too rare these days. He should trot freely, with an even and level movement, and be broken to canter, right foot first, at the touch of the heel. He should have good, flat; oblique shoulders, and a fairly high forehead, as a side-saddle is a great deal of trouble on a high-crouped horse—it will slip. He should be easy to control and patient, by reason of long "waits" at a gate, a gap, or other inconvenience, and, if not temperate in this respect, he is likely to become very restive at control and then rear, which is the unpardonable vice of a woman's mount.

A Rearing Horse Useless

A Rearing Horse Useless.

Any horse that rears with a woman should be at once relegated to other yond appeal! Neither should a woman ever ride a roarer or a kicker, although a fairly large experience in several coun tries shows that more kickers are ridden by woman than by man, and several high authorities have justly included woman and her horse as one of the three evils to avoid contact with when riding. This, however, was more applicable to past days, and the great number of woman's

horses today are very good speciment and well behaved.

He should have much greater jumping ca-pacity than he will ever be called upor to use in the hunting field, because one never use in the hanting field, because one in verknows what may happen, and the wo can on a side-saddle cannot help herself and take care of herself to the same extent as a man, although, even with the best, in a tight place it is more often the high intelligence of the animal—coupled with the rider's full appreciation of that won terful instinct—which safely and successfully

said concerning the intelligence of a horse: "He has to take care of the biggest fool of the two, and think for himself." If this was only more generally recognized, what a changed world this would be! He should not be too light in the mouth, but should go well up to his bridle and stand the curb, which has to be used occasionally. He should be over seven years, with two years' experience in the field, and he should not be either roan or gray if constant neatness of the habit skirt is desired.

It used to be a rigid canon that no woman should be permitted to ride alone who could not mount unaided, and this may still hold in the few cases where the deficiency exists, but the spread of athletics and physa horse was considered suitable for a wo- ical culture renders the cases very few and man to ride. Whispers were heard of the far between. Still the old argument in urther strengthened by the inability of a side-saddle rider to apply the right lef pressure as a means of control. The woman should also be able to put the bride and saddle on her horse, not only because it is cause she then knows when others have one it correctly. Otherwise, she will occasionally have more or less serious trouble

The Elusive Hare'

To my notion, there is a peculiar charm about trailing a hare. In the first place, the wrong direction, and then-well, you just keep on following. Somewhere, perhaps only a few yards to one side of where cerning this small technicality later-possi sity spoil the sport. It may be the track hampers all the rising ground, marking the edge of a great swampy woodland. It is easy-in fact, almost too easy. The hare merely has skipped for a triffing distance along the rim, as it were, of the sion, then gone down and squatted under distinct hunter type, even for park work. some han'ly log, from which shelter you Such a horse should be temperate—that is will bounce him within five minutes. Theosome handy log, from which shelter you retically this is sound; practically, it is a hundred-to-one shot on an utterly un fast enough for whatever the country may be. With the Meadow Brook he will need down toward the swamp at once, to jump greater speed than in a rather cramped him from somewhere promptly knock him southern section. It is a vital feature that over and be done with it. This will save useless pattering over foolish tracks, and

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may attack you somewhere else-in the stomach, bowels, bladder or kidneys. It may work down softening of the brain, or meningitis (both are fatal). This probability is always present until you cleanse your blood of the foul catarrhal poison. Read our letter from Mrs. Annie Krechhubel of

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